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PERSONS who are to transform the world must be themselves transformed. Life must be full of inspiration.

* * *

The religious heart is affected by only three or four doctrines. All the other ideas are perfectly harmless. They may be enumerated in a printed volume, but they cannot be counted in the human heart. What St. John's religion was in detail no one knows; but all know what it is to be in the spirit.

1935 JUN

This was known to Jesus, John, and Paul: it was known to Fénelon and Chalmers and Père Marquette, known to Cardinal Newman and the poet Cowper. The vital power of religion is all stored away in a few joyous or solemn thoughts. All these vividly scattered worshippers meet in the one spirit. Whatever differences of idea may exist down in the schools of theology, all men agree if only they are able to get into the upper air.

* * *

Education ought to be the single power to climb a height. An educated city ought to imply a large collection of people who can express themselves in noble laws, who can execute those laws, - persons who can make the streets respond to the demands of taste, and who can elect men of honor to honorable offices.

* * *

Man in his highest form must be a ceaseless action. His religion must be simple in creed, but rich in activity. Its wealth

must be like the religion of Jesus, all incarnated in life. It must not be in a book; but as the red is in the rose, so religion must be in the man. It must be his color, his form of being.

He may find times for patience, but he must be as impatient of wrong as the good musician is impatient of discord. He must not permit himself or his city or his country to drift. He must attempt to make his own ship and that of the state sail. He must feel that life is not to be concealed but expressed. The soul must not be dumb but eloquent. For there is no value in education unless man can act out the wisdom of the schools: there is no merit in culture if sleep or stupor can fill its place.

* * *

Our age is one of the most just judges which has yet come, but it stands far below perfection. It simply excels the past.

What a great quantity of admiration has in all the past been bestowed upon the faith

which made Abraham consent to offer up his son Isaac! But we now see that nothing is religious that is not morally beautiful. Jephthah offered up his daughter: Agamemnon offered up Iphigenia; the Hindoo mother offered up her infant; but those most singular religious thoughts directed all these persons to put to death some one else than one's self. It is singular that all those old oracles advised the devout inquirer to put some relative to death. They all bore down heavily upon the religious man's relations. It would have been more sublime had Abraham drawn the sword against his own bosom. It is a less worthy thought that Agamemnon found a reason why his daughter should die. Our age has detected the immorality of all such piety, and asks for men and women who can offer themselves to a needy world.

It was not revealed to Jesus that He must offer up some child or His mother or some near friend. He went to the altar of sacrifice Himself. He spared the Isaacs and Iphigenias, and if there must come a sorrow

through Him it must first come to Him. Nothing is religious that is not beautiful. Christ did not toss an infant into the Ganges to please the gods: He cast himself in, and left the infant smiling on the bank among the world's flowers.

* * *

The Psalmist said, "Oh, how I hate vain thoughts!" As the world rolls on, these vain thoughts should become more hateful still. What a monstrosity that man, the intellectual being, the philosopher, the poet, the genius, the husband, the father, should day after day think of war, and lay plans for shooting iron and lead into the bodies of men! Guns might be necessary in Africa to suppress the slave trade, but among civilized nations war is as absurd among nations as the old duel was between two fools. When differences arise between individuals, the dispute is referred to courts. All civilized nations must combine and form a sublime senate of the world. To this senate each state must come

with her grievance and find the right. And yet twice this year has our nation talked about war as though to kill and wound tens of thousands of men were an idea as rich and true as Guido's picture of Aurora or Millet's picture of the Angelus. The thought of war is one of the lowest and meanest notions yet lingering in the human intellect. It is the blood-mark on the white hand of Lady Macbeth, — a stain which keeps her name far away from all hope of nobleness. But nations may hope, for they are still living in the world, and by repentance they can make their hands white for the morrow.

* * *

All ye who possess the power of thought prize it well! Do not permit any one to make you believe that such a faculty came to our world from only the sponge and the oyster. The path of thought is too infinite: the sponge and the oyster cannot pass over it. It winds about over so many mountain tops, and so runs from poetry to eloquence,

it so flies from star to star, it so dreams, so loves, so aspires, so hangs over both mystery and fact, that we would better call it the effort of man to explore the home, the palace of his infinite Father.

And never permit this divine thought to enjoy itself in immorality in literature or art. The aims of the intellect are utility and happiness and beauty. Its standard of conduct is high.

Never permit years and gray hairs to cast life into a monotony. All the thoughts of yesterday must be reviewed and amended. The fiftieth year must review all the ideas that came in the preceding forty years. What you once got into your heart is small compared with what you left out. Be thankful for to-day, because it can review yesterday. In each year, the fiftieth or the sixtieth, each mind must be born again. As long as the body will move, it must step in the morning upon a new world; yesterday will not answer; it needs reviewing and new polishing. The world being infinite, that which is back of

each heart is small compared with that in front. When the body at last begins to fail, the mind about to go away must say, "How I hate vain thoughts! but give me on and on forever whatsoever things are more and more beautiful and more and more true."

* * *

If education is valuable, the age must double it; if art is sweet and high, we must double its richness and might; if philanthropy is divine, we must double its quantity and tenderness; if religion is valuable, double its truths and hasten with it to more firesides; if man's life is great, let him count more precious all its winters and summers. The one duty of each is to lessen every vice and enlarge every virtue. All such wisdom, kindness, and piety are rapidly forming into a river the streams whereof will make more and more glad the world of our humanity and our God.

* * *

A classic, feeling the littleness of himself, said, "A bird can fly across the whole

heavens; why shall not I pass through a wider realm of truth!" Our age would reply, There is naught to hinder. Let him run everywhere and see the extent of the human and divine kingdoms. No bird can race in the great blue sky against a noble soul. In a single hour our love could fall in a shower of manna upon the dying children in Russia. The eagle's wing is slow compared with the flight of love.

Though we climb Fame's proudest height;
Though we sit on hills afar
Where the thrones of triumph are;
Though all deepest mysteries be open to our sight,

If we win not by that power
For the world a richer dower,
If this great humanity share not in our gain,
We have lived our life in vain.

Though our lot be calm and bright,
Though upon our brows we wear

Youth and grace and beauty rare,
And the hours fly swiftly, singing in their flight,

If we let no glory down
Any darkened life to crown,
If our grace and gladness have no ministry for pain,
We have lived our life in vain.

* * *

From that page where the Bible said, "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," to the latest page of literature, the lesson returns and returns that we must all march to success over a difficult path. Apothegms from an army of thinkers could be gathered from all languages, Arabic, Sanscrit, Greek, English, all to the effect that he who wins a crown must first carry a cross. The curious who have gathered up what all genius has said upon the large themes of thought, find that over adversity they all grow eloquent; and one reading these utterances will soon feel that trials are the wings by which man

flies from the mire to the clouds. Let me quote from one of these rag-pickers along the streets of thought : —

"Adversity is the condition in which man learns himself best." *Johnson.*

"How full of briers is this working-day world." *Shakespeare.*

"Prosperity was the blessing of the Old Testament — adversity the blessing of the New — which carrieth the greater benediction and the clearer revelation of God."
Lord Bacon.

"Adversity is the trial of principle. Without it, a man would not know he were honest." *Fielding.*

"Adversity is the first path to truth."
Byron.

"Clouds are the veil behind which day coquettishly hides her face, to enhance her afterward beauty." *Richter.*

"Know how sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong." *Longfellow.*

Thus might you read, all day, from the books of the great.

If, in hours of depression, when all seems so adverse, the heart would only fortify itself with lines and even pages of such sentiment, it would find a stimulus that no hall of pleasure, amid the gay and thoughtless, could bring. And as though all the experience of the common human life, and all the utterances of common wisdom, might not be enough for our cheer and guidance, Jesus Christ threw all the power of His divine life in favor of this *de facto* world of adversity, and willingly bore its shame, that He might reach its triumph. He knew the outcome of the soul were worth the price of suffering to be paid, and He knew, also, that that worth could not be secured, except by paying the price. Following Him, those noble men whom affection afterward named "Saints" — Paul and James and Peter — cast them-

selves willingly into labor and suffering, that they might be partakers in the final triumph of humanity.

* * *

All the nations which after generations of toil became pleasure-seekers, began at once to die. Pleasure was good as a reward, but poor as a destiny. It has always been such with individuals, as well as with nations. Pleasure, as an end, has failed, and has been successful only as an accompaniment of toil. As after discords in music, the melody rolls on the more sweetly; and, as hence, Beethoven preceded melody by a discord, that the harmony might seem the sweeter, — so what man calls pleasure, is only a melody of the mind which comes the more touchingly after the discord of hard toil. Work is the prelude, at least, of all happiness.

The nations which became pleasure-seekers are all dead. It was to a nation busy in feasting, the writing appeared on the wall, "Thou art weighed in the balances, and

found wanting." . . . All the illustrious names of history are the names of the children of toil; the names of the children of pleasure not having in them power enough to journey beyond the day that buried their lifeless bodies. Thus the tombstones, where man sleeps, tell us that his greatness comes not out of his pleasure, but out of his toil. The times which we call "hard" are for the most part fullest of that which most shapes and equips manhood. While we all struggle hard in the pursuit of food and raiment, and to found home or school or church or state, and are weeping over the difficulties of the manifold task, an unseen Hand is leading us to a profounder wisdom, a nobler outcome, and a happier retrospection. "We are out on the ocean sailing," with a mightier shore ahead.

In this struggle for a good, multitudes sink before they have found it. How can labor profit those who die in the toil? What avails freedom to those who die in winning it? All the facts of earth lie before us in an

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unfinish which demands another life. If God stands as the Author of this scheme, He stands also as the Author of its completion upon some other shore. The grave receives the heroes of virtue and all goodness so readily, because it is the gateway to a second life. It receives man when a child, or when young or in middle life, in the midst of a battle or in the noon of power, because toiling, the useful, the good fall at all hours, because they do not fall into oblivion, but into immortality.

* * *

Literature is that part of thought that is wrought out in the name of the beautiful. . . A poem like that of Homer, or an essay upon Milton or Dante or Cæsar from a Macaulay a Taine or a Froude, is created in the name of beauty, and is a fragment in literature, just as a Corinthian capital is a fragment in art. When truth, in its outward flow, joins beauty, the two rivers make a new flood called "letters." It is an Amazon of broad bosom, resembling the sea.

If a business man absorbed in the outcome of his capital invested, and perhaps imperilled in labor or traffic, had wandered into the Dante school ten days ago, he would have wondered what could have induced two or three hundred people to pass two or three hours a day for a week amid the ideas and persons of the fourteenth century. Why do they go five hundred years away from the present? In answer they would deny the fact of such a going away. As Christ is here mingling with all the passing hours of this spring time, as He can never be absent again from the stream of human life, so five hundred years do not take Dante away from home or church or state. His style, his politics, his morals, his thoughts, his emotions, his piety, are the most beautiful and most real affairs of to-day. The physical forms of men die and dissolve, but the ideals of their minds travel on with our race. The words of Jesus, "Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness," and "Suffer little children to come unto me,"

are a part of the living active wisdom of mankind. We do not go back to find those principles. They are in the dewdrops of each new morning. Thus the schools which assemble in the name of some old grave, assemble as deep students of the present. He who studies Christ deeply does not deal in the past so much as in the future.

* * *

Not only one pulpit but all pulpits, not only all pulpits but all professional men from the eloquent lawyer to the artist hidden away in his studio, all writers, all thinkers, all men and all women, every youth, should ask the heart this one question: Am I a friend of the world? Do I after a divine fashion love its trees, its hills, its birds, its flowers, its laws, its virtues, its true happiness, its myriads of dependent smiling or tearful faces? Do I go forth each morning in the name of a great friendship? Unless one can thus go forth he would remain in a felon's

cell. The fact of life ought to imply a fitness to live.

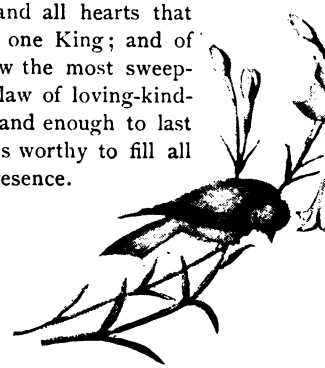
It is easy now to remember days when even religious men ascribed to God only a limited form of kindness — days when rights did not reach to the black man or to woman, and much less to bird or animal. It was as though friendship were the exceptional feeling, and hate the universal sentiment. To condemn a modern for Adam's sin, and to condemn a woman because she were not a man, or a white man, were ideas which came down from an age when men measured their greatness by the blood on their sword or the scalps dangling to their girdle. Cicero seems now to have uttered prophetic words when he said, "I try to make my hates all transient, my friendships everlasting."

It is while thinking such thoughts the man of Nazareth rises up before the mind in an inexpressible spiritual charm. He was an enemy to all that was destroying man's happiness because He so loved the world that He could not endure the sight of the ravages

sin and wrong were making. He came, He remained, He went away the most universal, the most active, the most devoted friend that ever performed a part upon earth. His friendship moved forward, wide, deep, and high. Could the sparrows and lilies have spoken, they would have said, He is our friend. In Him we see a goal of civilization — that culture of soul which shall enable man to look toward each object, man, woman, child, bird, animal, and flower, and say to each, *I am your friend.*

* * *

As all the stars are pervaded by one law, in one law live and move and have their being, so all minds that reason and all hearts that beat act in one empire of one King; and of that vast kingdom the law the most sweeping, most eternal, is the law of loving-kindness. No other law is grand enough to last forever. No other law is worthy to fill all space with its beautiful presence.



Amusement is only fit to be a diversion like a holiday for school-children. When amusement ceases to be the intermission, and becomes the entire school course, then is the ruin of manhood and womanhood complete. It is for us to inquire what is to be the result of that accumulation of wealth, idleness, and distorted fashion which have again and again enthroned amusement as the chief aim of man's life?

What are we to do with that voice of fashion which declares idleness to be perfectly beautiful? If we permit fashion to tell us what raiment to wear, what jewels are handsomest, must we also permit it to pervade our ethics and social science and decide a rich idler to be the most precious form of manhood? Fashion may well make the hats and bonnets and coats of a nation, but the land is to be pitied for which fashion shall formulate the pursuits of its manhood. The growing prominence of clubs, games, races, and book-making over the race-track, seems to point to a time when the noble merchant,

the grand old farmer, the manufacturer, and the self-made scholar and statesman, will have faded away into a new race which shall declare that the nobility of earth is that part of the human family which can afford to live for amusement alone.

In this apparent crisis of ethics, nothing can be of more value than to keep in mind the distinction between amusement and happiness. A good story, a witty clown, the negro minstrels, greatly amuse us; but the great books, the great arts, the fields, the skies, sweet music, great friends, great pursuits, yield us happiness. . . . Amusement ought to be the laughter of an hour, happiness the joy of all the hours of the day. Amusement may cheer up the mind and send health through the body, and thus empower the soul to hold more happiness; but amusement alone can never be as lofty, as grand, as permanent happiness.

In some one of her thoughtful pages Mrs. Jameson complains that the old church art took especial delight in painting Christ as

utterly miserable. The thorns are pressing into His forehead; the cross is on His shoulders; or, He is nailed to its cruel wood; His face is sketched in every form of agony. It seemed forgotten that in nearly all of that ministry among men the heart of Jesus was full of that deep joy of love, wisdom, and duty which ought to be seen beyond the accidents of the last day upon earth. And even the crown of thorns itself ought to seem lifted up above the temples by the more triumphant halo of an everlasting happiness and peace.

As this old art forgot to make a distinction between a wound on the body of Jesus and the infinite peace in His spirit, so our times are tending toward the thought that amusement and happiness are one and the same end to be sought. The truth is, that the more an age seeks the one aim of amusement, the less happy will it become.

Amusements are to be measured by their power to make life better. Man is helped not only by solemnities like preaching and

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studying, but also by the hours of laughter and song and beauty which come at intervals. Massillon the preacher has a rival in Cervantes the humorist: the stately Robert Hall preached great sermons, but so do the lilies of the field touch the heart. From the sermon and the lilies man comes bettered for the contact. Man's world is so broad and varied that no one teacher can carry it all in his hands. The preacher cannot bring it all to us. He must ask the men of science, the men of poetry, the men of wit, the men of art, the men of sublimity, and the men of simplicity to reach out their hands and help carry the gift to man. If man could be bettered by only one thing, then he would need run along only one pattern. But his life is made like a river by the convergence of many floods.

* * *

Love of man grows by using that love. It would be a poor planet if that capital called

"mind" could draw no interest in the world's great market in which gold will double itself in ten or fifteen years. Nature loves the soul more than it loves gold, and has issued her decree that he who sets out in the morning with his little but active store of humanity will come in at life's sunset with a soul full of that divine sentiment.

* * *

It would seem from history, and from even a casual observation, that the most of high happiness has come, and is coming, down from the mind's culture — not from its college education necessarily, but from a development by any means, and from any source. Man's life rises far above his food, and is like the sky-lark's charm, which is found not in the food the bird has eaten, but in the song it sings. The sparrow and nightingale eat the same food and wear about the same robes of feathers, but the difference between these birds springs up after dinner and the toilet, in the kind of songs which come from the

two little hearts. Thus man may read his own destiny, and must measure his fitness for existence by marking what there is in his mind and heart after his gold has put on him his raiment and has spread for him his essential meal.

* * *

It is not always the grandest sounds that are soonest heard. The rattle of an empty wagon conceals often the thunder of a coming storm, and can make inaudible the rumble of an earthquake. If you have ever walked in the woods a mile from Niagara you have found that two or three birds chattering in a tree overhead or the barking of a squirrel will shut off the roar of a deep river which falls a hundred and fifty feet. The tinkling cow-bell near by makes the great cataract thunder in vain. In such perplexing hours the heart that loves the more sublime sound must wait for midnight to come, and then when the empty wagon has reached its journey's end, when the chattering birds have become as

dead in sleep and rest, when the cowbell is done with its matins and vespers, the whole air is full of that deep tone and the heart is borne away from the little, to be the companion of all that is awful or sweet in nature. . . . Thus sounds around our human race the business-din of the Almighty Father. Strange sounds in that the chatter of the street can overwhelm it, but it is not the business nor the deep music that is destroyed: it is the listening ear that is made the victim of the empty prattle or the dead leaves under foot. On sound the deep tones, and when man finds a still hour away from the common tumult back to his spirit comes this vast intoning by the Author of Nature. It is not a music without words. The utterances are not childishly strung in verses after the fashion of human art, but they are thrown forth in sounds detached: "man," "duty," "progress," "love," "justice," "piety," "immortality" being clearly heard when the heart is attentive and the world is still.

Prayers are all one whether read from the modern prayer-book or spoken from the heart, all one whether intoned at an altar or whispered by the bedside — all one coming from eloquent lips or unlettered minds.

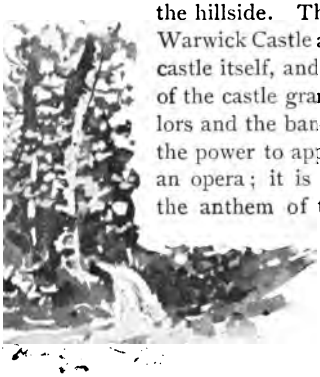
* * *

Fifty years ago it was believed that the path was well revealed if one carried a Presbyterian, or a Methodist, or Baptist, or Roman lamp, but it is now well known that those little instruments did not cast a beam bright enough to make visible the whole of man's moral landscape. The Light of Life is greater than all those torches that went up and down in the old midnight. The lamp of obedience is the Sun, which the scene awaits. Christ followed it, for He was obedient unto death. This is the light which, after having illumined all of man's threescore years in this world, pierces the dark cloud of life's boundary — this is the arm which, overturned by death, pours its sparkling flood over into the fields of the better land. The lamp of obedience is the only one that can

light a nation or a soul across the rivers of wrong and suffering and death.

* * *

What a pure, blessed region is the open country! . . . Its beauty is the basis of some of the fine arts, and the inspiration of all. Culture is no more the power to appreciate an orchestra or an opera than the power to appreciate the songs of the birds. It requires as much culture to appreciate a field of blossoming clover as to appreciate a gallery of art. Give the educated man or woman the choice of visiting to-morrow the Strasburg Cathedral or a hillside far from city and art, and covered by a million violets, and the heart would probably betake itself to the hillside. The cedars of Lebanon around Warwick Castle are more impressive than the castle itself, and the Avon River at the base of the castle grander than the old grand parlors and the banqueting hall. Culture is not the power to appreciate a book, a picture, or an opera; it is also the power that detects the anthem of the morning larks, that can



hear a robin sing without shooting it; the power to walk carefully upon the earth's carpeting of flowers. It spares even the bruised reed. This is the culture of earth and heaven. . . . Great is God's world whether seen in the city's contents of art, thought, refinement, and benevolence, or seen in the country's indescribable beauty. Either confine lies beyond the reach of the pencil of all rhetoric.

* * *

Could our lads at the age of seven begin to learn by heart the maxims of duty and real happiness which have received the sanction of all the wise men that have lived, and could our youth act out these maxims, civilization would rapidly be refined and strengthened. Our education perhaps looks toward information more than toward a heroic life; the taste, the memory, are lifted up to a high power, but the ear is not so sensitive to wrong as it is to music. Our young men do not seem to know that moral power is as divine in the nineteenth century as it was in

the thirteenth, and that there will never come an age when any form of citizen will surpass the soldier of the true and the right.

* * *

Our era is discovering a most divine brotherhood which has long lain concealed. It is the order of Christian citizens. Their one thought is a civilization purified by fire and love, justice and education; their weapons are almost wholly intellectual and spiritual; their final end and aim is heaven, but a good earth this side the good heaven; their decorations of honor do not hang upon the outer vestment, but they say with an old pagan, "We would not wear diadems around the forehead, but would have our jewels in the heart."

It cannot be that an era so powerful, a country so vast and marvellous as this, asks for only the common pursuits which bring us the daily bread of the table and the shelter from the storm. It must be calling for soldiers of Christ. That flag of progress must be waving upon each hill and tower. Happy

the youth whose eye sees this divine banner, and whose ear can from the noises of the world separate the whisper which asks him to be a soldier for mankind.

* * *

If any of the youth in this assembly are seeking an aphorism or a word to serve as a basis of life, they will find some terms to be too limited. "Temperance," "politeness," "culture," "reading," "honesty," are good and great terms, but each omits something valuable. The motto "common sense" will surpass all these, because it sums up the thoughts, joys, and tears of the whole world in all its long journeyings. It shows us where the drunkards and sensual have fallen, where woman has failed and where triumphed, where gold has been a blessing, where a curse; where beauty has been false and has died, where it has been true and stands immortal; where the wise men sleep and where fools have perished; where the temple of religion has excelled the saloons of fashion and vice. It omits nothing of

man, nothing of God, nothing of Jesus Christ. As the skilful lapidary sits down by his wheel and makes it cut beautiful faces on all sides of the diamond so that, however the light may fall, it will flash out like a star: so this common sense is a perfected soul. Such that, come to it as you may, it will flash forth some splendor of humanity, some childlike simplicity, some eternal beauty, some usefulness, some grandeur, some profound worship, some lofty hope.

* * *

When we see the books, the pictures, the music, the studies found in many modern homes, when we observe that seminaries and colleges are making the wife a student and scholar, we may well wonder whether the modern mother is not more powerful for good in this century than she was in the last.

This wonderment might be a belief were it not that there is no escaping the contamination that may exist in an age, and since our generation is deeply affected by the love of a flourishing business the average mother may

have been touched by this disease and may possess no ambition beyond the financial success of her children. If this is the quality of the modern mother, she is sinking below the standard of the times of Franklin and Washington, De Staël and Newton. The past fell below the modern woman in opportunity, but rose above her in ambition. May such a thought be false!

Let us in these doubtful days hope for the best. Let us hope that the love of money and the love of fashionable pleasure are not coming between the modern mother and her sons, to make them more grasping and her face less divine; let us hope that increased property is setting her free from common tasks to seek high pursuits, and that her heart is as full of high purposes and aspirations as it was when some of the greatest men of the past drew their power and inspiration from that being who comes in advance of the schoolhouse and college, and is looked up to with a valuable idolatry. All the generations have taken up the words of Jesus,

and have said to every child, "Behold thy mother." The savage child looks but sees little; it would be an infinite calamity should the modern child look thither and see nothing of worth. May this loving gaze be rewarded by a face-to-face beholding of taste the most refined, ambition the highest, and religion true and sincere!

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What our age needs extremely is more judgment in its pursuit of pleasure, that the quality of our happiness may be improved as rapidly as the mind grows greater in its faculties and acquisitions. . . . The old maxim, "Better wear out than rust out," should be superseded by a new proverb, "Better do neither." It is a great pity that so many men die young, but the pity is mixed also with a great wrong. These died sooner than Nature wished them to die, and were not half so happy while they lived as was Nature's wish. There are now living men of nearly a hundred, whose minds and bodies are still extracting good from the

earth. There must be work, that there may be the gladness of rest, and rest that there may be a gladness in resuming toil; but God is not a friend of either wear or rust, but of the perfect balance of these two forces. Heaven loves nothing that is unjust.

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When philosophers have attempted to define civilization they have come short as often as they have attempted to fashion it out of learning or art or law or politeness, but when, at last, they begin to mix into the crucible the element of care for all other mortals and for all forms of life, they reach a more perfect definition. Civilization is more of the heart than of the mind. At least the powers of the mind are most valuable when they inflame the soul. If one cannot possess both learning and kindness, he would better pray for the kindness. Cicero said: "Friendship can make riches splendid." Friendship can plan and do so many things for its wealth to execute. It can plan a good winter evening for a group,

and it can plan an afternoon for a hundred children. It can roll in a Christmas log for a larger hearth. It can spread happiness to the right and left. It can spend money most beautifully, and make gold shine. But what is friendship but another name for that care which in the Mosaic age left some sheaves in the field and some grapes in the vineyard?

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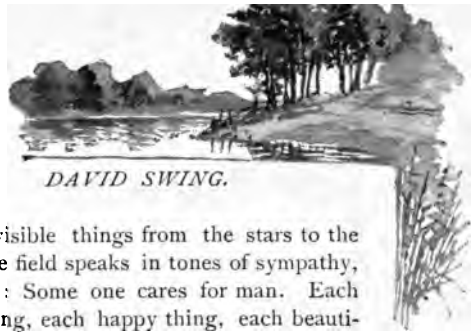
In our admiration and study of material nature we are all struck by the one defect present, even here, in hill and valley, rainbow and dewdrops, sky and ocean, cataract and meadow brook — a defect carried in each golden cloud, borne along in each perfumed wind, hidden in the leaves of each rose where the trees rise to the height of three hundred feet, where the rocks rise in sublimity, and the natural garden below lies in the beauty of a terrestrial paradise, there lies this defect of nature, never absent from a city, or a star. the defect that nature does not care for you. Nature is unable to care for man. The hills in spring or autumn will

not speak to you; the flowers are beautiful but heartless. They would as soon decorate man's grave as his cradle. The hand of the bride and the bosom of the dead are both one and the same to the violets. . . . Often while a shipload of people is sinking in the ocean, the sun is smiling sweetly on the waters, and the "Countless smiles of the sea" are playing on in presence of weeping faces that will wear no smile again forever. Roses grow red and fragrant on the dust of our dead.

The dominating care which so creates and charms humanity must, therefore, have come from some source apart from material nature, and must be expected to approach man through some intellectual or spiritual gate. It must come from something that can form attachments, that can pity, love, and express these emotions. It must, thus, come from mind to the thrashing oxen and to the higher mind of man. The universe must possess something that can care for all that lives and can suffer. The summer does not

wish to come to our world; the orange does not wish to ripen; the flowers do not wish to be fragrant; the apples do not wish to grow red and sweet; the air does not wish to be changed into music; the autumn woods do not desire to be beautiful. The wish is elsewhere. There must be a great Care that is detached from nature, a sympathy that belongs to an intellectual life, a Care that makes nature its instrument and language. Some heart is back of the scene.

The relations of man to the lower forms of animal life bear witness to the fact of some omnipotent regard and to man's need of that regard. . . . This the student of our world perceives — that while nature has no sympathy for man, while the ocean would as soon drown a child as float a log, yet through this same nature there beams a solicitude not its own. Some mind wishes the fruits to ripen for man, the birds to sing for him, and for him the great scenes of utility and beauty to pass along in their marvellous procession. A very large part of



DAVID SWING.

all the visible things from the stars to the soil of the field speaks in tones of sympathy, and says: Some one cares for man. Each useful thing, each happy thing, each beautiful thing is a word in the great language of helpfulness, and all joined together they make an eloquent plea within the blessed field of optimism. The situation of man is peculiar in this, that all the surrounding air pities his misfortunes. Not the air, indeed, but something that works in it and through it. As on the dangerous shore of the stormy sea great lights shine all night long because they are fed and guarded by some human anxiety, thus man in his shadowed years beholds many lights of love that are lighted and guarded by a Hand unseen. In the painter's landscape there is always demanded some form of life — a lamb, a bird, a domestic animal; because these can care for man. Thus the cattle become greater than the meadows. . . . In the gigantic landscape of humanity there must be seen the living form of God. His foot-prints

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must be seen in the hills; His divine song must be heard in the summer and autumnal branches.

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There stand in the New Testament three great virtues: Faith, Hope, and Charity. Wonderful group indeed! But while the saints and the noble of all ages are gazing at those fair faces, the sinful heart can turn aside and see in the gallery of divine images, in a light only a little less radiant, three other forms, hand in hand, and more dear to his imperfect life — Repentance, Forgiveness, and Peace.

* * *

Friendship is such a source of human happiness that it should be appealed to each year just as the soul appeals to any other sense of blessedness. One of the best aphorisms of the Latins was this one: "Friendship makes riches more splendid." What value has the gold of the miser? But when the gold one has amassed flows into the channels of a high friendship, then many

enjoy the riches which only one possesses. This, says the Latin, makes riches magnificent. The beauty of the sunbeam lies partly in the fact that God does not keep it. He gives it away to us all. But if friendship turns wealth into beauty, it must possess a wonderful worth compared with any coldness or isolation of the heart. Not only are there personal friends hidden away from each of us whom it would be a lifelong pleasure to know, but there remains yet in the human heart a mighty love it can fling outwardly upon society and upon the brute world. As the ear forever hears sounds but never becomes full, as the eye looks upon beauty forever and never becomes full of scenes, so the human soul was made infinite in power to love, and there is not a human being upon the globe, not a bird in the trees, not a dumb brute in the street or fields, that cannot be held in the arms of any one in whose heart the common wave of friendship rolls. Each year should, therefore, lengthen the roll of each one's personal friends and

heighten the quality of the attachments. A Roman lawyer and statesman having occasion to make a journey a hundred miles from Rome to visit a rural family, came back to his city delighted to find that all over the kingdom there were persons most cultivated, most attractive, most delightful — a diffused human worth as widespread as the flowers and trees. The higher mortal ought to mourn that it has thus far lived having helped so few with its friendship, having uttered so few cheering words to so few fainting spirits.

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